

about it. Mrs. Lynch poor woman came up the other day, evidently came because she felt bad and did not know what to do with herself. I never saw her so broken down.

She felt very badly of course about Mr. L. He has been worse than usual, but as if that was not enough she had been having some of John's comforters to see her. Mrs. Brier went for manners, to ~~had~~ went her anger at what Mr. Lynch said about Mr. B. and excited her so that Mrs. L. said it made her down sick. Mrs. Gates meant to be good, but told her that if she ^{and her cross} would pray as she ought and line as she ought that God would not afflict her so, and when Mrs. L. said she was sure she did not

to be candidate of the Honorable Bills for legislation. Judge Nye is talked of for Congress against Day & Mc Kee accepts his nomination.

Dear Millie

Love was up yesterday. It is real good of her to come up so often and does me lots of good to see her even if it is but for two or three hours. She seemed well, had some evidences of cold in the shape of fever blisters on lip and nose. I expected Mrs. Blake this afternoon, but a line from Lou this morning tells me that she has had a headache and will not be up till to-morrow. I am just as well suited and a little better for as the girls do not go till to-morrow it was going to keep me pretty busy to have the rooms nicely

June 13, 79. Uncle Sam to new law. Constitution. Lou to all Illinois.

ready. Mr. Lounge left for
Laces Lounge last yesterday. He
had a vacation which comes
in very well with the time
Mrs. Blake will spend here.

I told you did I not, that
I had put Joe in your room
and should put no one else
there so if you only have
confidence in him you
need have no anxiety about
your "things". Papa declares
he is going to write you a
letter and tell you that I read
your letters to every one that
comes. I encourage him
to do so, as in that case you
would have the letter, but
so far he has taken it out
in threatening case. Should
not wonder if he would be
stirred up to do it now for
this morning Mr and Mrs
Beard Mrs. Rankin and

Mrs. Ellsasser drove up. They
would not come in as
it is so very difficult to
get Mrs. Rankin in and out
of the carriage; but Mrs. R.
wanted to hear of the
journey and how Mrs.
Styles got through, so I
took your letter out and
read such portions of ^{the account of}
the journey as I thought
proper. Mr. Beard expressed
himself as being very
grateful, thanked me
twice and interrupted
me once to know if I was
not going to print it, and
express a wish that I would.
They say Mrs. Rankin is
getting along pretty well
without Lucy.

The other occasion on
which I read your letter
I will tell while I am

of the main stem. The rubber tree says its not quite dead and is putting out some sprouts. Cherries are mostly picked, have straw-berries yet, and some raspberries. The bed of Larkspur is nearly out of bloom, the gladiolii are fine and the pansies and portulaca glowing, the smoke tree in its prime, and cantebury bells everywhere, but the glory of the garden now is the sweet-pea and the pinks of both of which Lee takes bunches home with her. Lee says she wrote you ^{or her mother} a 12 page letter after she was down here last. Think you must have some "juice told tales" when you get her letters and mine. Politics are sizzling again. It is said Howard Quackenbush is

know what her boys did Mrs. Yates said they danced and smoked cigars. Of course Mrs. Loyall did not enjoy that. Then to finish up the matter Mrs. Allen went to see her and converse with her and told her that every body said Harry was just like his Father and that everyone thought he would be crazy some time. Poor woman it was too much, and I tried to cheer her up as well as I could. Told her everyone said her boys were just the nicest in the country and, that we all became very much attached to Harry when he was here, and that I was ^{sure} no one could predict anything thing I could think of to cheer her up, and then I read parts of your letter to her and got her quite cheerful before she

ment away. She told me of some mean Centreville talk about Mrs. Baruthers, poor woman, because her husband has gone down to the city to find work and having been fortunate enough to find it stays there. I did not very strongly dissent from Mrs. Lynch's rather peculiar remark that there were some things that she thought could make the Lord Jesus feel like swearing. For my part I thought to myself in thinking it over after she was gone, that the larger part of the human race were not yet sufficiently developed or ^{trained} educated to be very attractive, what with lack of good feeling and lack of skill there are not many that can be

trusted to visit the afflicted. I shall make it a point to go and see Mrs. Baruthers as soon as possible.

~~A letter just rec, from Lou tells me that Mrs. B~~
I had told you that before. I am writing as usual in great hurry. Ed's last goes ~~Marysville~~ as his address.

He is writing more now, and seems to be doing better. I miss you very much on the Fort. Also miss the convenience of a messenger. I think Mr. C. quite indifferent about answering my notes, but perhaps he attends to the matters I suggest just the same. I think Julie will be a very good no. The banana is growing now but the side shoots seem to be getting the advantage